



"typical view  
for an insect  
such as yourself"

and involves tying your bollock naked slave somewhere for a prolonged period of time (I prefer nude slaves because my philosophy is that a naked man is a vulnerable man). Old cellars or basements are great for tying slaves, especially ones that aren't used and are thick with cobwebs and creepy crawlies; I've had hardened slaves who can take two dozen strokes of the cane without flinching but who whimper and cry like a baby when you tie them up in a dark, cold and spider infested cellar for a night. Another good "stake out" location is in a big garden; I rather fortunately have a very secluded property which allows me to go off and leave slaves staked out back for the day. Only the other week I had two slaves tied nude and spread eagled for a day in which it pitted down with rain constantly - although when I got back and untied them I did rather kindly warm them up with a dose of my bullwhip. But even if you don't have a big garden you can always tie them to a tree in a bit of deserted woodland somewhere and pick them up later.

### 3. Exponential Caning.

This little punishment can be used on three or four slaves. Simply choose a game in which they can compete against each other in - wrestling, cards, darts - and have them play it until you have an outright winner, a runner up, a third place etc. Then once you have your league table you can commence with the punishment: the winning slave only gets six strokes of the cane, the runner up twelve strokes, the third place slave gets eighteen strokes and so on. All this caning can be a bit tiring for even the most dedicated mistress - especially if you've got about seven or eight to discipline - then simply get the slaves to cane each other in order of ranking. And there is something rather amusing about watching nude men who have paid for a woman to beat them actually beating each other, but then again you're the mistress so you make the rules.

### 4. Sellotape.

Simply take a role of Sellotape and rap it around a slaves cock and balls and then just leave him to get it off (very difficult and very painful, especially if the slave is hirsute). And if you've got a couple of slaves handy why not tape them together by their cocks and leave them to untangle themselves great fun.

### 5. Creative Shaving.

I know a lot of women like to have their slaves shaved as clean and smooth as a girl, but I like to be a little more creative in this area. For example, you could order a particularly hairy man to report back to you with a pattern shaved onto his chest - a flower, or a teapot (it doesn't matter, just be creative). Similarly, you could have a slave just shave one of his legs and half his chest, or just his groin and armpits. Whatever, the combinations are endless and it is not only rather humiliating for the men but it is also a nice reminder of how your power stretches into his every day existence.

### 6. Shoot Outs.

Another little torment for a group of slaves. Take five or six of your nude slaves and have them stand around your kitchen table or in front of any smooth surface. Then get them all into erection - not that difficult since most of these submissive worms seem to be permanently erect - and then have them wank themselves off and shoot their loads onto the table. The last one to shoot has the decidedly

unpleasant task of licking the table completely clean (as well as the others drooping members if you're in a bad mood). I love this game because it really is hysterically funny seeing how fast a man can pump himself when he's threatened with such a penalty. Although maybe it isn't really that surprising when you consider that most men do little else but jerk off when they're alone. I'd wager that if any men are reading this now then they've probably got one hand on their stiff little dick and are in the process of a fevered wank.

### 7. Embarrassing Orders.

This is another favorite of mine and involves thinking up ever more embarrassing errands or tasks to send your hapless slaves on; such as going down to the local newsagents and buying all the girls' magazines in the shop, getting their cars pierced, having tattoos put in intimate places and then having them removed a week later, going out dressed as a woman, or even streaking (I recently



ordered a slave to streak at a local football match, which of course he did and duly got arrested for indecent exposure - stupid bloody wanker!)

### 8. Soul Destroying and Pointless Orders.

We've all heard about having a slave cut the grass with scissors, but how about one carrying a full suitcase up and downstairs all day, or one slave plucking the pubic hair from another with just a pair of tweezers, or how about having a slave copy out the articles in a newspaper by hand, or go down to the library and count all the blue books, or go to the local park and collect litter (that ones for the more civic minded mistresses).....just get them to do anything which is pointless.

### 9. Contracting Out.

Even if some of your friends and family aren't into FD it's still no reason why you can't loan your slaves out to other women to help them with chores and tasks. For example, I have one young undergraduate student who goes round twice a week

to do housework for a friend who is happily married to a completely normal man and rather perplexed by the whole concept of dominating a man,

Even so, she still finds his help exceedingly useful and is even prepared to put up with him dusting and Hoovering wearing only a frilly maids uniform. In fact he's been so successful that her mother-in-law asked that he go around to her house once a week, except she's rather more FD inclined and not only has him doing the housework wearing only stockings and suspenders but is also quite handy with a riding crop. I also regularly send out a couple of slaves to help my grandmother out with her gardening, she might be seventy but the sight of two nearly nude men (nearly nude men because she lives on a housing estate) pruning bushes and cutting grass never fails to give her and her neighbors a good laugh. And just recently my sister celebrated her eighteenth birthday and I drafted in six slaves to organize and cater for her, all six clad in their saucy maids uniforms. In fact the party got quite out of hand and after rather a lot of alcohol was consumed they rounded off the evening by stripping the men and taking it in turns to thrash them - which was fine by me, I can't think of any better way for a group of young girls to celebrate a birthday than by thrashing half a dozen men.

### 10. Beating And Thrashing A Man.

I'm sure most of the women reading this don't need any advice on how best to beat a man. The only thing I would like to say is don't just concentrate your efforts on his bare Arse, tawling the souls of his feet or his stomach can also be quite effective (especially if he's a fat bastard - how I love to make their disgusting paunches wobble). Another good place to tawse a man is across the top of his head - great for inducing migraines. Whenever I tawse a man across his head I like to joke with them that I'm doing them a favor and preventing them from going bald by stimulating their blood vessels. Funny that none of my slaves find this amusing, especially the bald ones who look quite silly with angry red lines across the top of their heads. Incidentally, another good way of giving your slave a headache is to put a bucket on his head and bash it with a broom handle (and that's not the only fun thing you can do with a broom handle and a man - but that's another story!)

And if you are caning a man's backside then do it vertically as well as horizontally; this way it is very easy to slip between his cheeks and clip his testicles or penis very painful. If you're having difficulty trying to imagine how to cane a man vertically then just tie your slave on his back and get him to bring his feet over so that they're next to his head - then just stand above him and let rip with the cane. Another more fun way is to have him stand on his hands and have a couple of like minded girls hold his legs apart this way you can land the blows right between his legs. And that is painful.

What a wonderful world we live in where men actually pay me a lot of money to think up cruel things to do to them.

That's all I can think of for the moment but if I can think of anymore I'll be sure to let you know. One final point: how about making the cover more embarrassing for the pitiful men buying it? Apart from that keep up the good work and carry on preaching the world according to Fem Dom, the sooner women all over the world discover the fun to be had owning a man body and soul the better.

Yours faithfully, Claire.....





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Introducing  
**Clarissa**  
the Dark  
Mistress



# CRUEL



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Push to open

"Stop whining, you mardy little shit!" commands Clarissa.

With that she places her boot on his throat, fragile by comparison. She presses the heel into his adams apple and restricts his breathing.

As he gasps for air, she simply smiles down at him. She feels so powerful and considers the victim pinned beneath her special boots as the lowest form of life possible.

"I have more respect for a beetle than for you!" she hisses, "At least they don't whimper and cry. Now roll over onto your stomach!" she orders.

The slave, gasping for air, struggles to roll over and almost instantly Clarissa steps forward. Her heel comes down onto the back of his hand and a cracking sound can clearly be heard.

"Oh, so sorry, did I accidentally tread on your hand" she laughs sarcastically. She continues to twist her heel from side to side, creating further splintering sounds.

"Your fingers are very brittle aren't they" she says, and Katrina adds "They just don't make slaves anymore the way they used to, do they!"

Both ladies laugh and the slave cries in agony.

Clarissa continues, "Never mind, let me take the weight off your delicate little fingers"

She steps off his hand and steps onto his body. With her full weight and the weight of the lead-filled boots, she walks up and down his body as he screams in pain. Clarissa wishes that her heels were as sharp as those on her friend's boots, but then she would have had to sacrifice some of the weight - the weight is a very important part of her leg training program. Not to worry, though, because from the cries below, the slave is surely suffering.







"The fun's over now" states Katrina as she forces the crook handle of her hunting whip into his mouth.

Clarissa steps off the squirming wreck and watches with pleasure as Katrina yanks him onto all fours by the handle that rips into his gums. Katrina sits astride him and Clarissa takes hold of his hair to lead him onwards. He is dragged along the corridors. His knees hurt terribly as Katrina bounces her weight up and down on his back. His movement is made all the more difficult by the sharp heels that are dug deep into the flesh of his thighs, preventing his leg from easily going forward.

Soon they reach the top of a staircase.

Katrina dismounts and savagely thrusts her heel into the slaves backside, kicking him so hard that he tumbles down the steps towards Clarissa. Enjoying the effects caused by her action Katrina rushes to the bottom of the steps where she continues to violently jab her heel into him as he is dragged onwards.

The slave is taken down a dank passage under the stairs. He is jerked to his feet and his face is rubbed into the jagged edge of the wall and into the insect infested cobwebs.

"Eat!" commands Katrina.

She forces his face into a large spiders nest and the slave begins to eat it, including the paralyzed flies that are tightly cocooned for the spiders later meals. With absolute revulsion and terror, the slave closes his eyes and proceeds to chew the debris, fighting to keep his stomach under control.

Katrina suddenly notices the main spider, and judging by his size, the obvious owner of the web. She takes hold of it and commands the slave to swallow it whole. He opens his mouth and Katrina drops it in. He feels the frantic wriggling at the top of his throat and can no longer control himself.

And once more, the slave is sick, this time avoiding the two beautiful ladies.

The large spider drops to the floor, and in a futile bid for freedom attempts to scurry away. Katrina grins and brings the sole of her boot down onto it, slowly grinding it to death beneath her delicate foot.





Clarissa takes hold of the useless slave and throws him into the pit beneath the stairs. He screams in pain as his battered body drops onto the sharp and jagged bricks, iron and masonry.

"You forgot to eat your pudding" quips Katrina and she presents the sole of her boot close to his face. On it, he can see clearly the twisted and crushed remains of the large spider. He licks the sole clean and swallows the spider guts, and surprisingly manages not to throw up this time.

"That's better" says Katrina, "Much better. A good slave should always be grateful enough to keep his food down. For that I shall treat you to a little stimulation with my beautiful feet."

With that she places the tip of her heel between his legs and starts by gently massaging his balls and penis with the heel and toe of her boot. The slave grits his teeth with fear as he looks into the face of this gorgeous young lady who smiles so sweetly.

He feels his member start to rise to her attentions, and then her rubbing becomes less pleasant. Within seconds, she is twisting viciously from side to side - how ironic that the same perfect boot-clad foot could give so much pleasure, yet in an instant bring so much pain.

She twists her heel sharply and then continues by stabbing it in, back and forth, twisting it and kicking it. Soon a delicate egg is crushed between her cruel steel-tipped stiletto heel and the jagged slab that he is lying across. An ear-piercing scream fills the passageway and at the same time the second delicate egg is crushed.

Katrina laughs and turns to face her friend "I think that my efforts with his balls is so much better than your swift kick, don't you?" Her friend has to agree!

The slave is forced further into the pit and Clarissa drops her sledgehammer like boot onto his hand and grinds it viciously onto the sharp brickwork.

"Now hold out your hand!" commands Katrina.

He does as instructed and swiftly she snips off a finger with a pair of bolt cutters.

Then the two devil bikers simply turn around and make their way upstairs, leaving the broken wreck quivering in the pit.

As they leave the building, Katrina tosses the slaves finger to the owner.

"You need a new mechanic, darling"







# Devil Bikers

Clarissa races into the service forecourt just a split second before Katrina, who skids to a halt directly by her side.

"I win again" laughs Clarissa, the cruel dark vixen.

"My bike needs tuning up - then we'll see who wins" her friend replies.

A garage mechanic quickly appears, on hands and knees, with his head bowed.

"Clean my tyres you pathetic piece of shit!" yells Clarissa.

The slave starts to lick the front tyre and Katrina rests her boot on his back, digging the stiletto heel into his flesh. Clarissa places her 'heavy' boot onto his shoulder and presses down.

The slave continues to lick the gritty and filthy tyre, despite the sharp heel gouging into his flesh and a weight that seems incredibly heavy for a young lady.



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# Rogue-Hagen

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Katrina the blonde bitch, scrapes her heel down his back and rests it dangerously on his neck. She presses it harder and smiles as the slave lets out a gasp of pain.

Clarissa raises her boot and simply drops it down onto the back of his head. Almost like being hit by a sledge-hammer, the slaves face smashes hard into the road.

He lies on the ground, close to unconsciousness, as he tries to refocus on the black object close to his face. Soon he realises that it is the boot of Clarissa, raised on its heel so that he can see the dirty sole beneath. As is usual, for the male species in the world of Cruella, he is reminded of his lowly position in the order of things. The view he now looks at is a typical view for all forms of 'insect' life.

Then he hears a voice from above.

"Well how do you like my special boots, then, you piece of filth?" queries Clarissa.

"They are truly beautiful, most precious mistress" he replies.

"That's right" she continues, "And they are very special. You see, I have had the platform soles and heels filled with lead. This serves two purposes. The main purpose is to build up my leg strength to give me extra power for my kick boxing tournaments at next years Olympics. The other purpose is for the pure pleasure of crushing slaves and injuring them in any way that takes my fancy. Now lick the dirt off."

The slave crawls to the boot and begins to lick greedily at the sole, hoping that by showing so much devotion she may spare his life. He realises now who this dark goddess is. She is one of the states best fighting champions and he has heard rumours about her cruelty and the pleasures she takes in making males extinct. His fear is heightened as he maneuvers himself to work his tongue around her heel.







He sees red splatters on the engines of the bikes and what appears to be pieces of flesh. A shiver runs down his spine. Could that be human, or just some unfortunate animal that got in their way. More to the point, if it was the former, could this be the last day of his life. Sweat begins to trickle down his bruised forehead as he struggles to lick, hoping and praying that he is satisfying the goddess who towers above him, laughing and chatting to her friend.

Life is hard for a male in the world of Cruella, but it is the way things are, so the only hope for a drone (a worker) is to try and get through as best he can.

He continues to lick the bottom of the heel, desperately trying to remove the small sharp bits of gravel that have been dug in deep by the extra weight of her boots. His tongue feels like fire as the grit cuts into it, and he swallows the debris mixed with his own blood from the cuts. He is panicking now. Normally, his owner would prevent a lot of abuse towards her workers, since they obviously generate a lot of income; after all he is one of her best mechanics. But he fears that his owner will not dare to argue with a world-class and world respected kick-boxing champion.

He hears a click and freezes - his instant thought is that it is a gun. He glances up to see the blonde goddess lighting a cigarette. Her eyes meet his and she smiles wickedly as she exhales a jet of smoke in his direction. He is transfixed by her almost knowing smile. How can such a beautiful and delicate creature as she appears be so evil. He knows that hidden behind that pretty smile is a cruel mind that has probably already mapped out his future - or rather, lack of it.

He returns to his task of licking the boots of his dark goddess.

Presently, a discarded cigarette butt lands before him. He watches as the spike-heel thigh boot grinds it out.

Then he hears the pretty blonde goddess say "Just like we're gonna grind the life out of you!"





"Enough!" exclaims Clarissa, and she back-kicks the slave, her heel crashing into his nose.

Both ladies grab hold of his hair and start dragging him towards the building entrance. A nearby mechanic is ordered to attend to their bikes.

"We need an example" says Katrina. "We need to demonstrate what happens to mechanics who let us down. I had my bike serviced by a garage 20 miles away from here, and yet I still did not beat my friend in a race to the next garage - this one. Therefore, a mechanic must suffer - and you are that lucky mechanic. Let this serve as a lesson to others in your trade who do not satisfy the simple requirements of a lady biker."

"Bbbb...but, superior mistress..." the slave begins to blubber.

"Shut it, fuck-face!" yells Katrina, "We are not interested in the slightest by any pathetic reasoning that you may have. If you think for one moment that we are going to travel 20 miles to get the real culprit you are very much mistaken. As far as we are concerned, a piece of male scum is guilty, and since you are a piece of male scum, then you shall be taught a lesson that others may learn from."

The slave whimpers as they drag him into the building and past his owner. He looks up at her imploringly, but as he suspected earlier, she isn't going to argue with a kick-boxing champion.

Clarissa looks his owner up and down. Well she might very well be a wealthy business lady who owns a chain of garages but she won't mess with me, she thinks. Clarissa smiles triumphantly and the owner smiles back weakly, more concerned about the mess that this pair of devil bikers may cause rather than the actual cost of replacing one of her mechanics.

The slave is taken down a corridor and thrown against an exit door. Katrina slams an iron gate across his body with enough force to crack a

few ribs at least, but then this really doesn't concern her. After all, why should she bother, or even keep track of anything that they break, whether it's property or whether it's a slave - quite simply biker girls like to have fun and break things. So whether the cracking sounds came from him or from the gate is just an academic question, since either could be destroyed as far as they were concerned.

Taking hold of a nearby fire extinguisher, Clarissa rams it into his mouth, breaking a tooth in the process. The young ladies laugh hysterically as the fluid is jetted straight down his throat. She turns it off soon, though, because they want a little more fun before his demise. He stands there wanting to vomit but holding back with all his might through fear of spraying the two beautiful ladies. Although he is certain of his fate, it is human nature to hang on to every last hope, and that is all that he can do...hope. Suddenly, Katrina kicks the heel of her boot into his groin and presses it down harder and harder. He cannot hold back any longer and throws up some of the fluid which sprays onto Katrina's boots.

"You filthy vile pig!" they yell at him.

He is dragged from behind the gate and savagely whipped across his back by Clarissa's riding switch. She lays into him good and hard, slashing the long whippy crop furiously at every part of him. Across his back, his buttocks, his legs and neck. No part escapes her venom as she strikes, the whip tearing into his flesh, shredding as it criss-crosses previous strokes.

Finally, the slave falls to the floor and can take no more - perhaps this is how he goes. But no, realising this, Clarissa ceases. They haven't finished with him yet.

On his back he is made to clean his mess from the soles of their boots.







Then he is forced to lick the rest of their boots. He cradles the stiletto-heel boot of Katrina and continues to lick and suck with an almost loving devotion, despite the raw agony that he is now suffering.

Clarissa raises a boot and drops it down on his head, knocking him onto the floor for the second time, something she obviously enjoys doing. She proceeds to rest her heel on the side of his head, in a very sensitive place as he is forced to continue licking.

Under the combined weight of Clarissa and her lead-filled boot, the slave struggles on to lick the toe of Katrina's boot.

"Get up!" commands Clarissa, and she removes the boot from his head and jerks him up by grasping his hair. She throws him against the iron gate and as fast as lightning she kneels him in the groin. He falls to the floor in unbearable agony, clutching at his crushed genitals.

"Nice one" laughs Katrina, "I think that I actually heard them pop!"











"Great!" exclaimed Sapphire, "Now for some real fun!"

She grabbed hold of the smaller slave and dragged him to the wall. She smashed his face into the rough concrete and told him to remain there with his hands on the top of his head.

Angelica lit a cigarette and said to Sapphire, "I bet you a drink that you cannot shred through the other slaves trousers with your cane before I've finished my cigarette."

"Right, you're on!" replied Sapphire who raised her cane for the first stroke.

Craaack...the cane fell, and with eager determination to win the bet, the cane quickly rose and fell again, and again, and again.....

The slave writhed and screamed and he knew that he may have to endure six or seven minutes of it, whilst Angelica leisurely smoked her cigarette. Even though, after just four minutes, the material of his trousers had already been shredded into his flesh, meaning a win for Sapphire, she still continued to cane him, mercilessly. Angelica was amused, Sapphire was determined to terminate the male, and the Headmistress was masturbating furiously.

Presently the cigarette was finished and extinguished on the ravaged backside of the slave.

"I win!" boasted Sapphire, adding, "Get their trousers off, I want to do some serious damage now that I have warmed myself up. These worthless pieces of shit have been treated far too leniently today."

Both slaves were bent over the desk and Sapphire lovingly caressed and flexed her cane, then she took aim. After the first slave had passed out, she turned her attentions to the second. This time, she had decided to aim every single stroke at exactly the same place. She selected an unmarked place along the sensitive part of his lower back, and then brought the cane down with evil severity, the cracking sound and slave's agonised scream echoing throughout the building. That was a good start, she thought, and as she smiled, a truly sadistic glint sparkled in her eyes. Again and again the cruel bamboo sliced into the same place, with superb accuracy, the weal pattern created ending up no more than two centimetres wide, and nearly as deep.

Soon the screams subsided as the slave drifted into sweet oblivion and a world of comforting darkness.

And then, the only sounds that could be heard in the silence of the building, were the sweet moans of the Headmistress as she reached her climax.



# Teacher

The Headmistress glanced at the two young trainee teachers standing before her.

"Right" she began, "You have passed the first stages of your teacher training programme. Your final exam is to test your abilities to administer the correct levels of punishment for naughty girls. Of course, you will not be using actual female students for this exam, but a pair of street cleaners. Right, off you go."

The two trainees entered the examination room that contained a one-way mirror so that the Headmistress could monitor their progress.

Both young ladies took hold of a slave's ear and twisted it gently- the sort of light pressure that would cause a cheeky female student to yelp.

"Well done, ladies," came a voice over the loudspeaker system. "Just a gentle twist to make a young lady jump is all that is required. Now show them what would happen to a male in the same circumstance!"

Sapphire smiled and stood behind the two males. In an instant she slammed their heads together, causing them both to yell in pain.

Next, their task was to administer a caning to each of the slaves that would represent the correct amount of severity that they would apply to proper female students. Both trainees correctly applied the right amount of pain, just enough to smart and bring tears to the eyes, but not enough to break the skin.

Angelica then faced the slaves to say: "That was how we would cane a young lady. Now, we are permitted to hurt you to demonstrate the caning that male scum would receive"

What followed was not so gentle. With heads forced down, both males were caned very severely. Angelica used as much force as she could to slice her cane across their useless male hides. The cracking sounds of bamboo against flesh echoed throughout the corridors of the training college. Each male also received twelve agonising strokes across the palms and then the backs of each hand. This was followed by six strokes aimed directly at their faces from Sapphire's riding switch.

"Excellent work, ladies!" boomed out the loudspeakers, "Time for a break."





# College Training





The males were ordered to lie on the floor to be used as footrests and ashtrays for the beautiful young trainees, who sat on the desks. Fully deserved of a break after having exerted themselves upon such worthless lowlife, the two ladies relaxed whilst smoking cigarettes.

Angelica leant forward to tap her ash into the mouth of the slave beneath her. As she did so, the weight on her foot increased and she delighted in forcing her heel deeper into his ribs. The slave gasped, as he respectfully swallows the ash.

Sapphire shoved the heel of her platform shoe into the mouth of the slave below her. Without concern, she simply rammed it in, causing him to gurgle in pain as the steel-tip of the heel gouged into the soft insides of his mouth. As she continued to smoke her cigarette, she casually twisted her foot from side to side, the heel cutting and gouging further into sensitive and tender gums.





As Sapphire leant forwards to flick her ash onto the slave, the heel was forced deeper down his throat, the sharp tip scraping against delicate flesh causing unbearable agony. The heavy sole crushed down onto his nose, and as she pressed down harder, she could feel the brittle nose give way.

Even Angelica heard the small cracking sounds amidst the gasping cries emanating from the lowlife being crushed beneath her associates wonderful platform shoe.

Sapphire withdrew her heel in order to drop her cigarette butt into his mouth. The slave yelped in pain as the searing heat made contact with the raw insides of his mouth. There was a brief sizzle before he quickly swallowed it.

Angelica dropped her cigarette onto the chest of her slave and very slowly extinguished it beneath the sole of her shoe, carefully taking her time to prolong the exquisite pain that she was administering to the worthless insect beneath her. Then she turned her attention to the slave pinned beneath Sapphire's heel. Angelica stamped her heel onto that slave's chest, quickly followed by her second heel. She jabbed both heels into the ribs of the lowlife and twisted them sharply, tearing the skin. The slave writhed in agony, unable to cry out or move due to the restriction caused by the heel of Sapphire's platform shoe that was forced deep into his ultra tender throat.

Then, Angelica decided to add to the amusing situation by pressing the tip of her heel into the throat of the gasping slave. She carefully located his windpipe and began to press down. The slave croaked in agony as the pressure increased. Angelica thought that it might be quite amusing if both heels could meet, perhaps she may even be lucky enough to tear straight through and then they would surely meet! Both ladies began to crush and tear their heels in with determined efforts.

When it became apparent that the slave was about to expire, a voice boomed over the speaker system, "Ladies, please remember that there are a few more students to examine today, and so I would appreciate two living slaves as opposed to just one, for the next few hours at least!"









The pretty young ladies smiled sweetly and relaxed their delicate feet. However, since he was down there he may as well clean the filthy soles. Gasping for air, the slave licked at the gritty sole pressed onto his mouth. The pain was intense as his delicate tongue made even more sensitive by its injuries licked furiously at the dirty platform sole.

Presently it was time for the next part of the test. Each slave had his fingers placed onto the edge of the desk just beneath the open lid. Then from a height of around three inches it was dropped down onto the fingers. This height was adequate to hurt the offending fingers but not cause any serious or lasting damage. That was fine for errant female pupils. Having successfully completed that section each slave in turn was required to place his hands in the same position.

Sapphire raised the lid to its highest point and with all her might she slammed it down onto the hand that splintered in an instant. There were three more hands to do, and as she proceeded, she attempted to slam the lid down harder each time. There was not a great deal of difference between the force applied to the first slam as to the last, (since she applied as much effort as possible each time), but nevertheless, the results were always the same - excellent bone-shattering crunches and high pitched screams.







Sapphire decided that there was another way to punish a slave with the desk. Each slave was ordered to place his head into the desk, and she repeated her lid-slammng exercise until she was once again politely reminded that the low-life scum were required for further examinations that day. The Headmistress glared into the monitor. She was very satisfied with Angelica, who seemed to exercise a great deal of self-restraint. Sapphire, on the other hand, seemed very determined to destroy the objects of her contempt. Nevertheless, she had already determined that both girls would pass the exam anyway. Besides, she had a personal reason for having Sapphire at her college, quite simply, she was attracted to her and she was sexually stimulated by her evil streak. It turned her on to watch Sapphire torture the hapless slaves.

In the meantime, Sapphire had decided to try another experiment with the desk. She placed a foot onto the desk lid and pressed down. It seemed to be a firm favourite hobby of hers to crush things. It was quite apparent that by watching her cruel smiles just how much she enjoyed to hurt and particularly crush things beneath her shoes. An observer could also tell just how much she loved her footwear simply by how old and worn they were. Many Cruellan Ladies would most certainly have replaced them by now. Not Sapphire though. Her platform shoes were the mark of her cruelty, almost to the point that she could remember just how certain victims perished beneath them. A few of the marks left on them served to remind how a few suffered immeasurable torment. Sapphire loved her platform shoes - they were symbolic to her power - in fact, they were more powerful, and definitely more valuable than any piece of male life-form.

The headmistress stared in awe at her superb long legs, and the way her muscles flexed as she crushed the lid down harder. By now, Angelica had decided to have a go too, and both young ladies used their weights to press down the desk lids.

Starting at their legs in action was enough to encourage the Headmistress to gently masturbate herself. Soon, she was breathing more deeply, then she stopped to compose herself, and she picked up the telephone.

The next thing that the two trainees heard across the speaker system was that there were to be no more examinations that day, and as a special treat, the newly qualified teachers could now do as they pleased with the two slaves.

